

Mr. Clean, Mr. Clean

Ok... so this news is only a few weeks old, but the premise is so outrageous that I am surprised that no one else has posted it. It seems that a woman in Germany has filed for divorce from her husband of **15 YEARS**. Why you may ask? Some Hollywood marriages last mere hours so this would seem like an eternity. It seems that Mr. Christian Kropp of Sondershausen Germany has a slight problem with cleanliness. It is NOT that he is a slob and insists upon not ceaning up after himself, but he is apparently a bit **T00** neat. One day, the obsessive compulsiveness went a bit overboard. One of the walls in the house did not meet with Mr. Kropp's white glove treatment so he did what any sensible, well-intentioned man would do: he knocked the wall completely down. Here is a rather amusing reaction to the incident:

By Brian Cherry, Apr 5, 2009



Guys get a bad rap in the culture as a whole. You can't turn on the television without seeing men portrayed as incompetent morons who wouldn't be able to convert oxygen into carbon dioxide unless there was a woman there to help them out. Anybody who has ever spent any time in a dance club would observe that the dysfunction is pretty much spread equally between the genders. While this is true, men are the ones who are most often portrayed as lazy, slovenly, and the type of critters that would happily wallow in a mud hole if given the chance. With that said, it is odd to see a man get a divorce because his wife believed that he was way too clean.

Christian Kropp of Sondershausen, Germany is a bit of neat freak. Like many of the guys who are the basis of home improvement shows, Christian excels at cleaning, various household chores, and rearranging furniture. While many women may find this a charming trait in their mate, some also may be a bit intimidated by a guy who invades their sphere of

competency; especially if he has better taste than his female counterpart. Mrs. Kropp apparently put up with this for a while, but called it quits on the marriage when her hubby decided to demolish and rebuild a wall that he couldn't quite bring up to his standards with any cleaning products that were on the market.

While this may have been vexing, it should not have been completely unexpected. Mr. Kropp's addiction to cleaning may have been unusual, but it was eventually going to collide with the hardwired male trait to take things apart. She is lucky that he didn't take a chain saw to the entire house and start the whole thing over from scratch.

I wonder if he lifts the toilet seat when he is done or squeezes the toothpaste from the bottom of the tube. Hopefully, the two can find happiness again elsewhere.

Sammie Hasn't Done This... Yet

Our almost 5-year-old Sammie is the firecracker of the group. She likes to be the one to stir things up, and she sometimes has some crazy ideas. My mom sent me an email with the following video and a message: "I'm surprised Sammie hasn't tried this."

I can't imagine what those poor parents were going through. First I'm sure horror and panic set in as they worried their little one would get injured or stuck in there – notice they wisely killed the power to the crane game. Then, once she got out, they were probably extremely embarrassed! I half expected to see them spank her little butt when it was the only part of her sticking out! Not that I condone spanking really, but you know how extreme relief often gives way to anger, especially when kids are involved... I'm certainly glad it was their problem and not mine. I know I will **not** be showing this video to Sammie nor any of my kids for that matter – they don't need any more “good” ideas!

Do you remember when “The Bird” was the word?

Since the beginning of this baseball season a number of people in and around the game passed away. Since I am a Tiger fan, the one that hit closer to home was the death of Mark Fidrych. Unfortunately, I never got to see him pitch at the stadium, but he was frequently on TV and his antics were played on the sports highlights of the News. Monday night baseball was a big thing on TV in 1976. There weren't the number of cable stations. Believe it or not televised games were usually only shown on Saturday. Anyone else remember the ‘Game of the Week’?

Mark Fidrych brought a bit of the kid in all of us to the ball park. From filling in holes on the mound with his hands, to talking to the baseball or himself, and then shaking the hands of almost everyone when he won the game or left the game. He was a kid having fun on the ball field. He won 19 games in his

rookie year, was voted rookie of the year, won 9 games before being named an all-star. And as quick as it started, the magic ended. An injury the next year made his season start late, and after winning 6 games his arm just gave out. Without the injuries who knows what his career would have been.

I remember watching those Monday and Saturday games. I remember some of the news stories and articles in the paper. It was the summer just before my Senior year. Even though the Tigers were a sub-500 team that year, they captured the nation for every game that Mark Fidrych pitched. I don't recall anything else in baseball that came close to that year, and a performance by a 20 year old pitcher known as "The Bird".

[MLB network talks about the Bird](#)
[Last batter in Monday Night game](#)
[Mark 'The Bird' Fidrych interview](#)

Audrey Comes to Town

A fascinating trip to bring Audrey to town. Audrey is the name of a carnivorous plant from the show ["The Little Shop of Horrors"](#). We had to bring various sizes of Audrey back from another theater. The trip there was uneventful. No problems, and the GPS unit, while a bit annoying, led us unerringly to our destination.

Then we saw the plants. All I could think of was: "Would it all fit in my truck?" All of the stuff was soon loaded into the truck, and we were on our way. On the way to get some food, I was sure the stuff in back would need to have a tarp to be safe at speeds over 40 mph. We stopped at a Meijer store to locate said tarp. I was sure I had enough cords and straps to contain the load. Everything looked good to go.

Starting down the road, the load looked good. At 45-50 mph things started to come apart. Something came off and the back end of the tarp was flipping all over the place. I started looking for a place to pull over. In looking at our prized load we found that the tarp had ripped, and a one of the bungies broke. We thought we saw some of Audrey fall off the truck, but we could not find any of the pieces. Tying down the load again we took off at a slower speed.

Things still weren't looking good, so I found a better place to stop. I was too close to the road the last time, and tying up loose ends when traffic is flying past you at 55+ isn't something on my list of things to do. We stopped in the lot of a small yard ornament shop. They had some nice things, but we didn't have any room to put them. If I had really found a deal, I wonder if I could have talked one of my fellow travelers into holding a 50 concrete statue on their lap?

Again we go out to tie things down. I do mean tie things down. More straps came loose and broke. We actually had to tie them to the tarp and the truck.

Instead of taking the the roads with higher traffic, I took a less traveled road, hoping to get to a town or village. We did stop 1 or 2 more times before finding a place to get some more things to tie this menacing beast down. Audrey II was threatening to fly off with the tarp whenever our speed approached 50 mph. Not much could be done at this point. We were out of things to tie her down. If we kept losing straps, we would need to go less than 25 mph because there wouldn't be much holding Audrey in place.

Finally making it to Oakwood, Ohio there was a little hardware store that did have what we needed to finish our transport. This place actually had a wood stove to supply its heat. This was common in a much earlier time period, but not so much in 2009 OHIO. When replacing the straps one of the old ones actually snapped in half removing it. Wow!! I think we just

made it. If I can find the receipt for those straps, I may take them back. They were supposedly heavy duty bungies. I don't think so.

With more straps and tie downs we were finally able to travel at 50+ Mph without fear of Audrey II taking flight. We made it through Defiance (and a bit of traffic) with out much more than a few strange looks. And finally made it to our prop's final destination of Bryan OH.

The thing about this whole trip is not so much the trouble we had, or the frequent stops. I'm sure given the 'wrong' group of people, this could have been a nightmare experience. Anger and frustration could have reared its ugly head. But for some odd reason none of that happened. We joked about it during the trip. We were also saying it would make a good blog post. Who would write about it first. I'm still waiting for more pictures of Audrey bits on the road, or the each of the stops along the way. How about one of our Esteemed admin crawling under the truck to look for a place to tie something?

The trip became an adventure. At least on my part, I had a fun afternoon. The three of us on the trip are still talking to each other. □ No fights broke out that I am aware of. And I'm sure whenever the show is discussed, the first adventures of Audrey will be told. Will the story be 'stretched'? (bad pun considering our bungies). You bet, this is for a theater group. We like good stories. Will there be little Audrey's growing on the roads between Lima OH and Bryan OH? I wouldn't bet against it. Will I volunteer for another road trip? If it is with the same people, you bet.

I'm not sure how the play itself will go, but if the first trip of Audrey is any indication, it should be fun. This is a musical, so due to my own idiosyncrasies, I will not be on stage for it. My role, as much or as little as it is will be in an off stage capacity. Theater will be taking a back seat for me. Family is taking over with graduations, weddings,

babies and just plain visiting with the daughters, sons and grandkids I don't see often enough. Theater is now taking a backseat.

Anyway, I did once write about me [having a truck and actually using it](#), so I guess that I did it again. Have truck will deliver, maybe I should make a sign?

This Boyle Madness

Have you heard about the newest media sensation, Susan Boyle? She is a woman who appeared on the European tv show, Britian's Got Talent and wowed the judges. When I first saw the headlines, I couldn't imagine how good someone could be to get that kind of attention. I didn't click on the headlines because they were only videos on cnn.com and I avoid those – I like to read my news when I get it from the internet. But I'm a news junkie, and eventually I caught the Talent clip on the real CNN – and the story unfolded. The woman has talent. She can really sing, and she makes a difficult song seem effortless. There are plenty of people with nice voices, so what's the big deal? I think it is about the way Susan Boyle looks. When she stepped up to sing, people (and you can see this in the judges' and audience's reactions) did not expect her to be a good singer because she does not comply with society's definition of "pretty". Simon Cowell, specifically, who is a judge on the show, is known for judging people on their looks first and even making comments about them, which I think is immature and disgusting. But I have to sound off on this topic because it's been all over the news lately, and this morning, Susan was on The Early Show. For some reason that I can only attribute to the way she looks, the Early Show anchors were treating her like she was mentally challenged –

they were talking slowly, etc. One of the Early Show anchors stated, "Let's see if she can sing early in the morning", prompting Susan to do an acappella version of the song that made her famous, I Dreamed a Dream from Les Miserables. It was wonderful, but maybe that Early Show anchor should be treated as if *she* is mentally challenged – it was early morning in New York, but Susan Boyle was doing the interview from her home in Scotland, where it was 11:30-midnightish! Duh.

I personally think it's an extraordinary story because Susan Boyle is 47 and with a voice like that, I'm surprised she wasn't discovered sooner. I'm sick of everyone picking on her looks and using them to define her as a person. I think it's terrible that society says that people have to look good to have worth. Maybe that's why plastic surgery runs so rampant, but to me, plastic surgery tends to stick out. A lot of times, I can tell when someone's had something done. I think it looks fake and strange, and it baffles my mind that people would risk their lives to get knocked out and sliced open just to change something aesthetic. Not including those who get disfigured, of course – I can't blame those people, and I feel really sorry for them especially after noting how society acts about looks. Good looking people are assumed to be more successful, they're listened to more often, and they're just overall held in a higher regard in society than people who look different or what society deems as "ugly". To me, ugly is the mean, heartless person who doesn't care about others. I think Susan should be applauded for conquering society's "ugly". Bravo Susan, for a job well done – I hope you get to fulfill your wish of singing for the Queen!

For those of you who have no idea what I'm talking about, [here is a link to the clip](#) of the episode of Britian's Got Talent featuring Susan. As one of the judges put it, she is a privilege to listen to! I get chills and tears in my eyes as I watch those snooty judges eat crow while Susan triumphs!

Wasn't It Yesterday...

when we were small?

I dunno... feeling nostalgic but I took out my senior year yearbook (Log of E) the other day just to see how much I remembered. Best facial expressions, moi? There was also a baby picture section. I honestly do remember the picture... not the actual posing, but... Actually having a head full of hair!

Then the not so proud moments of my class. Those who did not graduate and actually had "Did Not Graduate" printed right underneath their photo. Not the most flattering thing to have under your picture I would say. I do not remember seeing the senior photo of the aforementioned inmate who made a few appearances on America's Most Wanted. I don't know whose bright idea it was to post the DNG, but why defame our class with that?

Our senior trip to Florida was memorable for many reasons. Ours was the first class to have the opportunity since the class of 1988. Ironically, my second brother was in this class and my mother was the class advisor. And the stories I heard about that! Even more ironic, the class of 1992 was the "good" class. Well... the class of 1993 was the last class to go on a trip because of some of the goings on of our trip. I almost felt left out because I was one of the few who was not called to the principal's room days after our return.

The trip was fantastic! On my first trip to the Walt Disney World Resort, I was pulled from 2 different audiences to participate in some of the shows at the (previously known as) Disney/MGM Studio. For some reason, the Superstar Television attraction was discontinued. However, I was put into a scene

as a butler in a Three Stooges short in which I got thrown into a pie tossing battle. I hit Curly right in the face and actually got one in return.

I had actually forgotten that a female classmate was called down along with me for the Indiana Jones Stunt Spectacular in which some of the action sequences from the first three films were recreated by a stuntman. I was asked to demonstrate an evil belly laugh as part of my "audition." The show was full of pyrotechnics and other eye-catching trickery. I'm actually amazed that I remember most of this as if it were yesterday.

Another forgotten flashback courtesy of the yearbook was a harmless, yet not so flattering photo snapped of me in the hotel room. Which I must admit was more flattering than someone losing their swimsuit while going down a slide at Wet 'n' Wild. One of the stories that I heard about the class of '88's trip.

Holy Weekend

Of course we know last weekend was Easter weekend. For me, that means celebrating the resurrection of Jesus Christ. Of course, before a resurrection, there had to be a death. That is what Good Friday is all about. Now, some churches celebrate the entire week starting with Palm Sunday, going into Holy Monday – Holy Wednesday, following with Maundy Thursday, and then finally moving to Good Friday and Easter. My church starts with Good Friday. In the past, there had been Good Friday dramas of which I had been part. During two four-year cycles I played one of the disciples, and some years a member of the mob condemning Jesus. I kind of miss those times. Last year the church decided to do something different

with a walk-through one could start at any time. I think I blogged about it. This year they changed again. It was still dark as the day of Christ's death was dark. It was touching to hear video testimonies of a few people, one of whom accepted Christ just last year on Good Friday from the walk-through. Besides the testimonies there were some songs, and a short message by our pastor. We left as usual in a somber mood. That would of course be remedied the following day for Easter Saturday. What do you mean you've never heard of Easter Saturday? Well, our church has a Saturday service every week, so the Easter service is naturally duplicated for that Saturday service. We have to change the words a little bit:

Christ the Lord is Risen Today Tomorrow... Ha-a-a-a-le-e-lu-u-ja.

Okay, not really. But it is still a little strange having grown up in a traditional church, sometimes I feel like altering the lyrics. So Saturday started with rehearsal at 1:45 until 4:25. Fortunately not all of it was singing so I had some voice left for the real deal at 5:00. We went through each choir piece at least three times, and the worship set of five songs twice. It was nice to finally sing with the soloists. The main soloist has actually been in a Christian band and has been heard on the radio, and it showed (in a nice way). She sings at our church once or twice a year. By the end of the rehearsal I needed to sit down after standing for over two hours. It turned out to be the last time of the night I got to sit in a chair. More on that in a moment.

A little time out: Our choir I'd like to think is a little unique. We have women tricking into the tenor section and a couple of guys in the alto section. Women in the tenor section? Probably not entirely odd. Guys in the alto section? Well, the clever readers may have noticed that while I used the term "women" for the tenor section, I did not reciprocate for the alto section with the term "men." That's

right, the two guys are actually kids. While the rules for the last couple of years stated choir members had to be at least 14, they had been singing for about a year prior to that rule, so they were allowed to continue. In any event, they did just turn 14 (they're identical twins by the way) so this was the first year they met the rules. Another factoid, but probably not so unique- I think the Alto section was as large as the other three put together. Simply huge.

Okay, back to the present. Following rehearsal, we grabbed our robes and had a bit of time to ourselves before having to line up. Just before lining up, about ten minutes before the service, it was announced to us that the worship center was completely full. Wow. There were multiple overflow rooms all in use by the time service started. All told, there were together 19,000 attendees at all the church's campuses- a new record I think. It might have been helped along by knowledge of our special guest. A former teen-idol from the 80's turned Christian, he now has a talk show on a Christian station and has starred in some Christian movies, the latest out last year. I had a moment I could cringe when our pastor asked how we all felt about that movie and there was much cheering. Now you all know me by now with movies- do you think I saw it yet? That's right, I did not cheer because I had not seen it- it would have been a dishonest cheer. Of course our guest turned around just then and looked back toward my section of the choir. I hope he didn't see me and mistake my lack of cheering to not liking the film, I just haven't seen it. He thinks he might partner with the church in a marriage ministry, so we may see more of him. Feel free to make your guesses of who he is in the comments section. ☐

So following choir we returned to the gym which was our "green room." No chairs. They took every one of our chairs for the overflow rooms leaving us with tables to stand around. ☐ . Fortunately I still had kid's ministry to go to so the lack of chairs wasn't an issue- or so I thought. I got to the room

and everyone was sitting on the floor. That's right, they took 4th and 5th grade chairs too. I wonder if all of children's ministry lost their chairs? What happened was all those overflow rooms needed those chairs for people to sit in. Well, we made do. It turned out that while the crowds in the church were huge, it didn't seem to translate to many more 4th and 5th graders. My own small group was all regulars.

So Sunday rolled around, and we had to be there at 7:30 to rehearse. Yuck. Well, it's only a few times during the year. The 9:00 service was not a full service. However, the pastor was at the other main campus along with our guest, so they may have had a much bigger crowd than normal. Every week, our pastor switches between the two main campuses on Sunday to preach live. The other gets a live feed or recorded video from Saturday night. The 11:00 service was back to overflow capacity, but not quite as bad as the night before, which in my mind was pretty odd. I would have thought that more people would have come on Sunday because that is actually Easter. Saturday is Easter Eve, if you will. So that was it, except for one more factoid: neither the main sermon nor the 4th/5th grade lesson were specifically Easter. For the former, our pastor just started a new series, and for the latter we continued the series from the book of James.

So, that was my weekend. If I think of anything I may have missed, I'll add it to the comments. Right now I need to start getting ready for bed.

Oh Captain, My Captain

Tonight, I was treated to a surprise on the television after I got home from work: only the second televised Yankee game of

the new season and it was the first game broadcast on the New York station we get via DishTV. Quite a difference from yesterday's 15-5 debacle. New starter A.J. Burnett had a no-no going through six, but in the bottom of the 7th, the Rays scored a pair to make the score even. By the ninth, the Bombers had made the score 7-2 capped off by Captain Jeter's three-run dinger. I now see that the Yanks and [Tigers](#) are even in their respective divisions at 4-4; however, the Detroit-Chicago White Stocking game was postponed due to rain. And the [Cubbies](#) continue their winning ways at 5-2... GO CUBBIES!

For the past week or so, I have been rather surprised that neither ESPN station nor the New York affiliate were going to carry the opener at the new cathedral. I searched and searched the guide at Thursday afternoon at 1PM. I guess I should have checked the Ohio Sports channel. If I had realized that the Yanks were facing the Tribe from Cleveland, I would have checked it before tonight. So, following my shift Thursday afternoon... I just hope no one wants to watch soap operas.

Sundance, Here We Come!

This Saturday we're going to do something that should be pretty cool – we're going to film a movie! In 2007, we staged a short one-act play for our community theater called The Clinic which was written by my husband (also our 0 Great Admin). The play got a really good response from its audience; including two newspaper reviewers. Recently, we've struck up a friendship with a guy who runs a small production company, so we decided to make The Clinic into a short film for submission to film festivals. The part about the Sundance

Film Festival in my blog post title was just a joke; it's not like we're expecting this to go anywhere. If it does, awesome! But mostly it's just for fun. And seeing as how the cast and crew contain some very good friends of ours, fun is exactly what we're expecting on Saturday! Once we wrap it and finish post-production, maybe I can put it on my blog or at least link to it... and ACTION!

Time Flies When You're Having Fun

I was musing today about something...

Sometimes my son gets this look on his face where he looks more like a kid than a baby. He's 9 months old, so he's still very much a baby, but more frequently I can see on his face how he might look as a toddler. It's hard to explain, but my husband feels the same way. The bottom line is, time flies when you're having fun, and I'm having the time of my life watching my kids grow up!

I got a little overtired and frustrated with them once during our last road trip, and I was thinking to myself, ok, no more doing **this** for at least five years. Then it hit me – in five years, my kids will be 14, 10, 7, and 5! No more little little ones, in just a short half of a decade!

So I asked my husband the question – why is time flying so fast? Does it fly faster as I get older? More quickly when I have more kids? Is it just because our youngest is a boy and we're used to how girls grow up after having 3 of those? I just don't know, but as hard as the work is with 4 little ones, 2 still in diapers, I still wish they'd stay little

longer – I really do.

Sunrise, sunset, quickly flow the years...